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# The MARTLET

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VICTORIA COLLEGE, VICTORIA, B.C., DECEMBER 7, 1951

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## MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



Bruce Finlayson wins door prize from Lloyd Orchard.  
M.C. Randle Jones in background.

### SWAMI GIVES LECTURE AND DEMONSTRATION

Before a large and enthusiastic crowd of curious collegians, Swami Shivenand lectured and demonstrated on the arts and principles of Yoga, Wednesday, November 28th in the auditorium.

The meeting was originally slated for room 10 but due to the overwhelming response, proceedings were transferred to the larger room.

Swami Shivenand first outlined the history of the Yoga cult, accentuating the need for an understanding of such Eastern culture by Western peoples. Through this understanding and along a "line of cooperation," he felt peace would be attainable. He also stressed the need for Western aid to India, thus strengthening the bond between East and West and helping to combat the infiltration of "undesirable" elements into India.

The Swami feels such an understanding could be brought about or furthered through the practicing of Yoga. Yoga, he explained, is the way to acquire and retain physical and mental fitness. One is not possible without the other. It will be through the condition of mental fitness that the mind will be able to function rationally and thus, with rational thinkers in the world there would be no wars.

Swami Shivenand likened the body to a radio, if the "valves" were not in good order then the "radio" would not function at peak efficiency. The powers of reception and transmission would be low. Yoga would alleviate these conditions, increase the powers of reception and transmission and also the powers of concentration and understanding. Yoga will enable one to listen, to meditate and then to act.

The four basic exercises of Yoga, if regularly practiced, will keep the body flexible, the mind alert and, according to the Swami, it will increase resistance to disease. Here the Swami cited himself as a case in point. He stated that he had been examined by eminent physicians throughout Europe and that his body was found to be in absolutely perfect condition. He also stated that he had never been ill in his life.

In closing his talk, Swami Shivenand stated that the practicing of Yoga will give one a healthy optimistic outlook on life. He again reiterated his main point, that through such a wholesome outlook peace could be maintained throughout the world.

The Swami then proceeded to give a short demonstration of the basic exercises in Yoga. The main stress is placed on deep, timed breathing. While doing each exercise the breath must be expelled five times and inhaled five times. The Swami placed his hands flat on the floor, and touched his knees with his nose while he kept his legs perfectly straight. Following this, he went into what we would call the "push-up" position, only he kept his feet flat on the floor. Next, he stood on his head and then folded his legs into the Lotus position until he resembled a headless man with his arms folded.

The climax of the hour-long lecture was a bundling up of the Swami's stomach muscles until they resembled a round column, then he "stirred" this "column" as one would stir a porridge pot. A sure fire cure for constipation, the Swami informed on-lookers.

Mr. Gaddes thanked Swami Shivenand for coming up and the lecture and demonstration ended. Some observers were awed, some passive, and some guffawed, but nevertheless, a more enlightening lecture would be hard to find.

Books on Yoga-ism are in the College library.



Cheer Leaders Maralyn Richard and Gayle Webster present  
Al Cousland with prize for winning car parade.

### RUGBY DANCE HOWLING SUCCESS

"Most fun in years," "Terrific," "What a bash!"... These were just a few of the many favorable comments expressed towards the Viking Rugby Ball, that was successfully rolled off last Saturday at the Amphion Street Badminton Hall.

Close to 150 enthusiastic Viking supporters plus about 50 members of rival teams, "pushed and squeezed" amongst the throng which spent four enjoyable hours atop the mezzanine of the expansive hall.

Undoubtedly the most successful dance of the term thus far was made possible through the hardworking efforts of many loyal collegians. THE MARTLET takes this opportunity to salute the following upholders of College spirit: The committee composed of Ted Horsey, Dick MacIntosh and Colin Baker; for the superb music Lloyd Orchard and his Men of Note deserve the "ork" hids. There were many others; the fellows

who spent many long hours on the concessions, doors and the final cleaning up. Bouquets from Vikings also go to the Victoria Badminton Club, The T. Eaton Company, and the Bay. But most of all V.C. says thanks to all of you who came and supported them in order that our "pride and joys" might be able to make a post-Christmas trip through the Lions Gate to the rainy city and U.B.C. (second division). To you kids who didn't put in an appearance we can only say you don't know how much you missed.

John Campbell and his femme walked home with the elimination prize while the pen and pencil set went to trumpeter Bruce Finlayson.

Many words could be spent describing the scenes of earthy passion, hooping and hollering, and the riotous fun. But news of such things will have reached your tender little tympanums long before this rag hits the brain-factory.

### SEVEN COUNCIL CLIPPINGS

Topics discussed by the Council in the past month are:

1. The purchase of a typewriter. A new one would cost \$100. Shirley Smith mentioned the possibility that an older model might be purchased for \$30. It was moved that the Council buy this.

2. The purchase of a coke machine. It would cost \$568.56. It was found that it might be rented out in the summer months. A smaller machine is available on a trial basis for \$419.

3. Christmas cards. The design was picked out by Audrey Twa and Ted Horsey. The cards are to be sold by Mrs. MacKay at the price of 10 cents each.

4. The deficit on THE MARTLET of \$136.03. Need we say more?

5. The preparations for the Christmas Formal to be held on December 20 at the Empress at \$3 per couple.

6. It was decided to ask Dr. Ewing that more parking space might be allotted to the students in view of the fact that the new building has eliminated a parking area.

7. Council pins may be ordered for \$1 at the Council office.

8. John Coates and Ted Horsey moved that a note of appreciation be sent to Mr. Savannah for his generous offer to pay up to \$100 for rugby sweaters.

### GYPSIES FROLIC

The second regular hop of the current V.C. year was the Gypsy Dance, way back on November 15. The Armenian Frolic took place at ye good old Crystal with a goodly number of pseudo-gypsy characters attending.

Charlie Hunt and his relatives provided the music for the affair and they did very well too.

True to form, the dance started at the correct time of 8:30 and true to form the majority of the "customers" arrived at 9:30. Until that time the floor was nearly empty, with the orchestra playing as hard as they could with no one to dance to their efforts. (Big tears were rolling down Charlie's face, his band hadn't played so hard and so well for so few since their last V.C. engagement.) Needless to say, the slow start gave Council Prexy Marion Gibbs a few grey hairs and even the final turnout, compared with the same for last year was nothing short of disappointing.

Those who were there definitely had a good time and were sorely disappointed when the clock struck 12 and the strains of the home waltz were wafted down from the bandstand.

The next affair on the social calendar is the gala Christmas Ball, about which more anon.

### CONCERTS PLEASE

In an endeavor to foster interest in classical music, The Victoria Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Hans Gruber, is presenting four concerts this year for Victoria's students.

The first concert, held on Sunday afternoon, October 28, at the Royal Theatre, was highlighted by six familiar excerpts from Bizet's opera "Carmen." Preceding each number, Mr. Gruber introduces the selection and its composer with a brief and humorous commentary.

The second concert, held November 18th, featured Concert-master Clifford Evans in a brilliant Concerto for Violin and Orchestra. Without a doubt the most popular numbers of the afternoon were the impetuous and rhythmic Slavonic Dances.

Student symphony passes for the remaining two concerts can be obtained at a reduced price of 50 cents at the Registrar's Office. These programs are well worth while, and far from boring even for the non-musical minded person. So, show some interest in your local Symphony and turn out to the students' concerts.



MAN OF THE MONTH  
MR. SAVANNAH

On behalf of the student body and the rugby players in particular, THE MARTLET would like to express thanks to Mr. Savannah who has offered to foot the bill for Viking sweaters.

### FORMER COACH DIES

John Rowland, former coach of Victoria College rugby teams and an ardent rugby fan, died on Saturday, November 24. He will always be remembered for his continuous support of the game and for his care in managing the score board at all league matches. John Rowland never missed a game, but now that he has gone, the game will surely miss John Rowland.

### XMAS BALL DECEMBER 20

The exams end on the 18th and then the Christmas vacation begins and it really begins in the proper Yuletide spirit, with the annual Christmas Ball, the big formal dance of the year.

The dance will be in the Crystal Ballroom of the Empress Hotel and Len Acres with his orchestra will supply the festive music. The ball will be a programme affair, and dancing will last from 9 to 1.

The highlight of the dance will be the intermission and the carol singing.

Dr. Ewing, Dr. Hickman and Mr. Clearihue, K.C., will be patrons of the dance.

The Christmas Ball, in the beautiful Crystal Ballroom, will make the Christmas season more merry and more mellow so mark the 20th, a red letter evening and take that favourite girl to the Ball.

Tickets can be had at the Council office at \$3 per couple.

COME ONE  
COME ALL  
TO THE  
XMAS  
BALL

# The MARTLET

Editor ..... Walter Young  
 Assistant Editor ..... Randle Jones  
 Sports Editor ..... Mike Young  
 Clubs Editor ..... Bernice Liddiard, Audrey Rice  
 Cartoonist ..... Pam Temple  
 Photography ..... Jack Robertson and Hugh MacLean  
 Reporters ..... Bill Broadley, Bill Garner, Frances Appleton, Maralyn Richards, Liz Creery, Shirley Smith, Ted Horsey, Dee Lavoie, Pam Temple, Pat Pit Brooke, Kay McKay  
 Bruce Finlayson wins door prize from Lloyd Orchard.  
 Business Manager ..... Allan Thackray  
 Advertising Manager ..... Randle Jones

## COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Complaints, mainly verbal, have been flowing into the offices of THE MARTLET ever since the last issue. The gist of these verbal brickbats is that the "rag" has given more space to the goings-on of the College rugby team than to any other sport.

Players on the basketball teams think that they should be covered more fully, players on the hockey, the ping pong and the soccer teams all feel the same way. Why aren't they given as much space as the rugby team?

The answer is fairly elementary if thought is given to the matter. Rugby is the major sport at the College. More students are on the rugby team than are on any other squad and rugby has been and always will be the focal point of athletic activities at Victoria College. It is only natural that the major sport should be given more space in a paper than those of secondary importance.

Naturally, those playing for other teams feel that their sport is every bit as important as rugby. As far as participation goes, all the sports are on a par and all are important in that they enable the student to take part in athletic activities. Why the other activities are classed as secondary sports does not hinge on the value of that sport as a medium of exercise for the student body but on the spectator value of the sport, the spectator support of the activity and the stress placed upon that sport by press and public opinion. In all of these points rugby ranks first. Students prefer to watch rugby, it has all the elements of bodily contact and speed which increase excitement. On the average, there are more spectators at the Saturday rugby matches than, as a comparison, at the evening basketball games and rugby is given more prominence in the local press and sporting circles than say Junior League soccer.

Ranking as a major sport at the College warrants full coverage, that is why rugby warrants and receives more space in THE MARTLET than the other athletic events connected with the College.

The concern expressed by faculty members and students alike over the question of potential players for college teams being lost to the downtown commercial leagues would indicate that drastic action against the offenders by the A.M.S. would be perfectly in order.

Nonetheless in our frenzy of justified disgust we should not fail to criticise the real villains of the story—not the players but the commercial sponsors of the teams for whom the boys have been playing.

It appears that the amateur sportlife in this town is to a large extent controlled by city firms who use these teams as a vehicle for promoting their business. Big money is being spent by these firms to maintain these teams, supply them with the best equipment and finance trips for the "boys" to other cities. A glance at the income tax returns of these firms would reveal their activities in their proper perspective. Such expenditures would be listed under the headings of "public relations" or "advertising."

Look at the situation! The boys that should be playing for OUR teams and chalking up honors for college athletics are being ruthlessly exploited in the interests of "better business." OUR teams lose games while our best players are actually playing against us.

This is an intolerable state of affairs and merits a special meeting of the A.M.S. to discuss the entire matter. Opinions should be freely expressed and a letter demanding a change from this unholy state of affairs be sent to officials of the league, and if necessary the college teams should be withdrawn from city leagues and confine their playing to inter-scholastic leagues.

This despicable state of affairs seems to prove that many students regard the College purely as a place of academic learning and not as the nucleus of all their social life. They have been lured by the offers of free equipment, free trips to the mainland and suchlike by commercial sponsors who are successfully exploiting these boys in their efforts to obtain cheap advertising.

Mike Young.

## FACULTY FAX

MR. JOHN CARSON

The assignment of interviewing the third and last addition to the faculty roster certainly provided an enlightening quarter of an hour, in which this reporter learned a little of the active and full life of Mr. J. Carson and a great deal more concerning world affairs than previous to the moment I stepped into the Department of Classics.

Only recently arrived at this Richmond Road brain factory from Shawmiga Lake Boys' School where he has just spent two years he describes Vic College as "first rate," even though his interest, the classics, form a relative minority in interest.

Having taught in Worktop Public School in the English midlands our genial host stated that the alertness and intelligence of Canadian students of this educational rank stack up well with the higher grades of the British public school system.

As he played for Oxford's second team, the Greyhounds, his description of our Vikings as a team having keen spirit and lots of grit and drive, stands as a fine salute to the small squad. Looking back Mr. Carson spoke of World War II military campaigns at Dunkirk and in West Africa where he served in the capacity of captain with the British army.

Mr. Carson then gave his opinion of the current Egyptian crisis; having spent 1929-31 in the capacity of cotton inspector in the Sudan his views were derived from first-hand experience. His beliefs are summed up thus: "The Sudan is an example to the world of a genuinely honest administration by Britain. The British have given the peasant a prosperous existence in the face of uncertain village life through the construction of gigantic irrigation systems. Their life is still semi-nomadic depending on the sporadic rainfall of the land. The Sudanese are hardier, simpler and infinitely a superior race than the Gypsies or the neighboring Egyptians who are ruled by a fabulously rich royal family."

In conclusion he stated that he felt there was no likelihood of a British withdrawal from Suez.

Many other points of interest were brought up during the interesting conversation and it is unfortunate that space does not permit a lengthy description of Mr. Carson's experiences and observations.

In closing, THE MARTLET staff on behalf of everyone connected with Victoria College hope that the years ahead will prove to be happy Vic College ones for Mr. J. Carson.

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## VOX POP

Men's Commons,  
Victoria College,  
Nov. 2, 1951.

Sir:

After following the writings and interpretations of your current fashion reporter for more than a year, I was happy to see a column of this individual that did not contain her usual flowery descriptions. And in answer to her closing remark, "If you're anything like us, fashion bores you to tears," I have a suggestion. I believe that she has finally read some of her own material that appears weekly in your morning contemporary, and has thus been "bored to tears."

If she was any kind of a fashion writer she would develop distinctive tastes that perhaps might not be agreed with by some of your readers, yet would be overwhelmingly accepted by others. It is my frank opinion that, at present, her readers could be guided equally well fashion-wise if they were to order every item of clothing listed in a 1926 Sear's catalogue.

Actually, all she seems capable of doing is to describe bargain basement items in the flowery terms of a custom tailored negligee. It is my hope, Mr. Editor, that you will prevent any drivel of this kind from appearing in your paper. It is not difficult to find a writer who can let forth a salvo of adjectives to describe ordinary clothing, but it takes a good writer to adequately describe the truly fashionable clothes separately from the bizarre and drab items so numerous in today's clothing stores.

With continuing hopes,  
Mister T.

Dear Mister T.:

You don't know how happy you have made me! I am thrilled that one on your obviously high intellectual level has been such a faithful reader of my column. Though I somehow get the impression that you don't like it, this fact bothers me not at all, just as long as you read it.

Apparently we differ in our definition of "fashion." In my opinion, "fashion" is what the majority are wearing, not what a few so-called "experts" declare to be the mode. No reflection on you, of course, Mister T.

You comment that I must have been reading some of my own columns of fashion "to bore me to tears." This is not true. I never read my own columns. I already know what's in them. Once they are written and taken in to what you so cutely refer to as our "morning contemporary," I never look at them again, unless it's to see what quaint punctuation and spelling the typesetter has managed to dream up.

There is also a fact you are overlooking. I am paid for this driv-oops, I mean literature at an inch rate. Therefore the more long and complex adjectives and lengthy round-about statements I can use, the more money I make. Of course this would be beneath the understanding of your artistic mind.

One final thing occurs to me. Just what is a custom-tailored negligee? Or is that something I should ask my mother?

Love to all,

Fifi.

Dear Editor:

I have before me a copy of THE MARTLET, which, on the whole is quite good, however, I have noticed with horror that certain intentional spelling mistakes, aside from typesetting errors, have been made. The newly formed car club has been grievously misspelt by its members, those blunders do not rest on your shoulders, however, this should not have been encouraged, as it was, by your faulty spelling of "cordially." Apart from this ridiculous misspelling, I noticed several other similar errors, for example: "fax" instead of facts; "kwizzed" for quizzed, and, worst of all, "Kollege Kalendar." This breaking of the conventions of the English language appears to be entirely uncalled for, but perhaps it is that the King's English, which has been used by millions of people for a great many years, is not good enough for our humble paper?

Yours truly,

Mike Young.

## GIVE ME THE SOCIAL LIFE

by Jabez Junior

Or why I was a freshman for the first five years. It wasn't quite that bad, as I am now doing nicely in second year (at the ripe old age of 23). But nevertheless, the subject of co-educational society is worthy of further comment. There would seem to be some controversy as to whether the unglamorous 10 per cent of Victoria's female population register here with the idea of becoming an M.A. or an M.R.S. . . . or both. (Note in passing: 99 per cent of college men are male, the other 1 per cent is called George.) (Ivory is pure too.)

For those of you who subscribe to the former school of thought, we recommend the Cafeteria, where THE MARTLET staff studies for biology exams. But it is to the majority who wish to obtain the latter that my little barbs are directed. My friends . . . and you are my friends if you are still following the narrative . . . let me acquaint you with the various types of men (and I use the term loosely) who migrate to Richmond and Landsdowne. For me they fall into two categories—George and everyone else—but there are also numerous sub-classifications.

First on the list is the Big Time Party Boy. This erstwhile personality kid looks like Montgomery Clift (he thinks), dances like Fred Astaire (he ruins more nylons), and has a capacity for liquor equalled only by the Crystal Pool at high tide (or is it Crimson Tide). His date is usually left sitting in solitary state while he spreads his many charms among the other lucky girls at the table. On the rare occasions when he does remember to dance with the girl he brought, she gets an earful about the cute little number Jack's with and how nice Mary's new strapless looks.

Then there is the Eager Beaver. This clueless joe is the person who sits four rows over in 8:30 math lecture, and on pretext of looking up logarithms asks to borrow your book. This is just the thin edge of the wedge, for by the time you have reached Sine squared Omega, he will have asked you to the show on Saturday night, the formal of New Year's Eve, and next July's Co-Ed at Nanaimo. Likes the dimly lit corners, but sends you the cleaning bill for his white shirts.

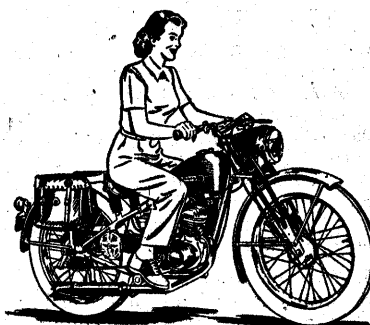
Exhibit number three, the Small Time Operator, asks you out only because there's a big time dance and he has to take someone other than his sister or his brother's girl-friend. Spends the evening gazing wistfully at last year's big romance who is now going steady with the Eager Beaver. Which brings us to the Ideal Man, with whom every girl in the college is dying to go out. Item: does not exist in real life—at least he never looks in my direction.

Ah well kiddies, don't be discouraged. There's always George if you get lonesome, and you can try for your M.A. if the M.R.S. proves too elusive. A good-night to all, especially Buttercup, in whose memory I respectfully dedicate the B.T.P.B. Wonderful, wasn't it?

Dear Editor:

I have just had the dubious privilege of witnessing a College Pep Meet (November 29) for the first time (shame) and sad as it may seem it will probably be the last. Apart from the bedlam which invariably broke out at the wrong time the only pep that was shown throughout the whole siesta hour was the profuse hurling of refuse at various unfortunate participants. With the effects of this brilliant and witty performance still ringing in my ears I wobbled off to the cafeteria to gather my scattered thoughts and lunch (parts of this are still parked in various corners of the auditorium). My apologies to Marilyn Richards' mistakes, John Lauder's taste in clothing, and Walt Young's prologue which lived the proceedings somewhat.

Mike Young.



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## CLUB DOINGS

### PLAYER'S CLUB

During the past weeks the Player's Club, like the other student organizations of VC, has made great strides. On October 29 eight members of the group assembled to spend an interesting and constructive evening in which Drama Director Mr. Thorne spoke on the subject of acting. Each prospective Thespian then read a short dialogue.

Two weeks later, the hopeful baby Barrymore's gathered to show Mr. Thorne their talent (?) Each person was called upon to present a part so that the director could draw a conclusion as to the acting ability of various performers. The highlight of the evening was Stuart Beaveridge's characterization of Cyrano De Bergerac which he portrayed complete with suitable costume.

On November 27, the club read through the play "You Can't Take It With You" and tried out the different parts in the hope of settling on a choice for the annual production. This, however, was not completed as several other plays were subsequently suggested. Nevertheless it is hoped that a definite decision will be reached before Christmas. The casting will be done following this arrangement.

### JAZZ CLUB

by Sharp and Flathead

Well Hornies, here we are again bringing you up to date with the good old babereenif-Vout! T. Texas Garner, champion of the figs sez "Nope too many this month, but next month we'll be under the sign of Ares." Viceprexy, "Wire" Winter says "none to many this month but next month we'll be under the sign of Ares." Your writer says "Splendid we're all for it 100 per cent to the hilt." Seriously though, to come to the point, to make a long story short, however, sour-grass to you, sour-grass!!! Victor (veni, vidi, vici) Harrison says "We are all looking forward to some more great Dixie shows in the future."

### THE NEWMAN CLUB

At the first meeting of the Newman Club, held in the Bishop's Palace, Ray Jackman was elected president and Moya Martin, secretary-treasurer. This September, the Canadian Federation of Newman Clubs held a most successful convention at U.B.C. The delegates, representing universities from all over Canada, were sightseeing in Victoria and were guests at the Newman Alumni banquet. They enjoyed their short, but interesting stay in Victoria and we enjoyed meeting them.

At the next meeting we are having a panel discussion and shall discuss plans for the Annual Communion Breakfast which will be held in early December.

### MUSIC APPRECIATION CLUB

Under the able leadership of Jack Merner, president, and Lauren Savage, secretary, the M.A.C. club has staged three successful noon hour programs. First program consisted of Rite of Spring by Stravinsky, second, Brahms 2nd Piano Concerto, and third, Prelude and Love Death from Tristram and Isolde.

### OBITUARY NOTICE

We should like to call the attention of all college clubs to the fact that one of their number has passed peacefully away. After a lingering illness the Camera Club succumbed late in November. No flowers or letters of sympathy by request.

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### THE PRE-MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

The Pre-Medical Association held its organization meeting on September 26th. Officers elected were Bert Ingram, president; George Metcalfe, secretary, and Dave Whyte, first year representative. Mr. Fields, faculty Biology Professor, has accepted the position of sponsor, left vacant for several years.

This year the Pre-Medical Association is not only for potential doctors, but for future nurses, lab-technicians, X-ray technicians and dentists. By extending the Pre-Med. Ass'n. in this way more students will have the opportunity to benefit by the privileges offered.

Among plans for the future are a tour of a hospital, medical and health movies and, it is hoped, several more talks by well known city doctors.

November saw two doctors present talks on their individual fields. On November 6, Dr. Robson spoke and on November 22, Dr. Bigelow gave a talk and performed two very interesting demonstrations on John Bigelow and Bert Ingram.

### THE INTER-VARSITY CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship originated in Oxford several centuries ago, and has since spread to every nation. Christian Fellowship groups may be found among students in nearly every high school and university, among nurses and teachers in every country.

Our aim, as Christians in the college, is that others may come to know this same, supreme Saviour; not only to know Him with their intellects, but with their hearts. The Varsity Christian Fellowship motto, "To know Christ and to make Him known" clearly expresses our aims. We are not preaching a religion, we are here to show others the Lord Jesus Christ.

These are our beliefs. These are our aims. Our meetings, held every Monday at 12:30, are open to anyone. We extend a very warm welcome to you all.

Officers elected were: President, Ken Dick; vice-president, Ken Barker; secretary, Anne Munday; advertising, Roy Broughton.

### SCIENCE CLUB

Starting out with a bang, the Science Club has continued to carry out a programme full of interest to the members. During October and November, three Monday nights were spent working in the labs; two in the Physics lab and one in the Chemistry lab.

On October 30, many members and visitors enjoyed the colour slides of the Western United States taken by Mr. Savannah during his trip. Motion pictures on television and synthetic rubber formed the programme of another Tuesday noon meeting.

On Monday, November 26, some of the members accepted the invitation of Mr. Gilbert to attend the Coal and Petroleum lab at the Parliament Buildings. The technicians in the lab explained the many pieces of apparatus used for testing coal and petroleum.

### THE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

The I.R.C. climaxed a successful term in the auditorium on Wednesday, November 14. Rear-Admiral W. B. Creery gave his eye-witness account of the Canadian Navy in Korea. His talk aroused much interest in the 100 or more persons attending the meeting. The club is planning a series of speakers and possibly a panel discussion following the Christmas vacation.

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## MORE LOSSES

Rain has washed out two of the Vikings games this month in the City Junior Soccer League, one versus the Combines and the other against Duncan.

In the three games played to date the team was unfortunate in being beaten in three.

The first, a tangle with Combines, had the College stalwarts at the wrong end of a 4-2 verdict. In the second Heaney's took a 6-1 count over the hapless Collegians. Last Sunday's game, against Heaney's ended in a 5-0 triumph for the opposition.

The next game will be played on Sunday, December 9, when our team will meet Duncan Native Sons.

## SERIES TO START

The men's basketball team, under the very able tutelage of Doc Miller, is gradually improving despite continuing setbacks in league games.

Mr. Clark, the faculty manager, explains these losses by pointing out that at least six of the better players attending the college are playing with other teams to which they have been attached for several years and feel reluctant to leave. However, in the coming Inter-Scholastic Series, it is hoped these players will turn out for the College, since the series is not connected with the league.

"Doc" has stated that all players turning out for practice and the scholastic series will be given a fair share of play. The College won the series last year and would like to see a repeat. However, the main consideration is that all College students wanting to play basketball should have the opportunity.

## HUBSCHER PLACES 6TH

Smarting from the loss of their captain and manager, Bob Elliot, the College road-racing team managed to cop a fifth place in the annual Royal Roads cross-country race. Despite what the team standing would indicate, the boys made a very good showing. Art Hubscher placed sixth in the individual standings and the other members of the team were not very far back. The team was made up of Phil Taylor, Art Hubscher, Dick Hales, Ted Howard, Dave Kirchner, and Hedley Sampson.

Peter Kirchner of VHS won the race while Royal Roads took the coveted team trophy.

## PING PONG SQUAD WINS

The College table tennis team captained by Geoff Conway won their first tournament of the current season. They defeated a Normal School squad 18 games to 4. The College team consisted of Geoff Conway, Art Cornish, Henry Pylpa, Dave Francis, Sheila Murchie, Lillian Marshal, Barbara Foster, and Francis Appleton.

In the College tournament Geoff Conway defeated Art Cornish to cop the men's title while Sheila Murchie defeated Lillian Marshal to take the women's laurels.

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## VIKINGS HOLD SECOND PLACE



Vikings Vs. Wanderers at Macdonald

### RUGBY LEAGUE STANDINGS

	W	L	P
Crusaders	7	1	14
Vikings	4	4	8
JBAA	4	4	8
Wanderers	1	7	2

With an average of .500 for half the season, the College Vikings are still surprising everyone with their steadily improving game. Starting the season as the youngest, lightest and most inexperienced squad, the Vikings have been firmly situated in second place for the majority of the season and were only recently joined in second spot when they bowed to JBAA November 30.

Since the last issue, they took the measure of the Oak Bay Wanderers twice with scores of 14-13 and 8-3, defeated James Bay 5-0 but were soundly taken to task by the Crusaders 13-3.

On Saturday, November 30, JBAA, with a much improved squad, took

command early in the game and held it despite repeated College thrusts. Dick Hales climaxed a pretty passing play as he garnered the Vikings' only points. Play ended with the Bays holding an 11-3 advantage.

Ten of the College team were named as possible Crimson Tide material and Viking Coach Keith Macdonald was named assistant coach of the Victoria Rep squad. Those on the team are: Gary Webster, Stan Powell, Dick Hales, Dick Macintosh, Dacre Powell, Walt Young, Malcolm Anderson, Dick Willis, Vic Allen, and Playing Coach Macdonald.

The next game will see the Vikings meeting the Crusaders at Macdonald Park, December 14, the intervening weekend will see the Possibles vs. Probables in a preview of the Victoria Crimson Tide who will be playing the UBC Thunderbirds on Boxing Day in the first game of the McKechnie Cup series.

## HOCKEY TEAM DOES WELL IN TOURNAMENT

Although the grass hockey team didn't finish near the top in the final standings in Saturday's Bridgman Cup hockey-fest, they did put on a good display of hockey. Prior to the round-robin tournament the team played Norfolk House twice and lost both matches so it can be seen that the team lacked playing time as a unit. What can be expected of a team which has played only two games as a unit? Certainly not very much.

Nevertheless the showing made by the College eleven was indeed creditable.

They lost their first two games to Norfolk and Oak Bay High to the tune of 3-0 and 2-0, respectively. They defeated Duncan High 1-0 and tied Mt. View 0-0 to end their efforts for the day.

Chloe Jefferson sparked the forward line, getting the lone College tally while Ann Maclean, Susan Burton and Audrey Bool played outstanding games also.

Line up for the tournament was: Ann Maclean, Joyce Main, Chloe Jefferson, Alice Hong, Ruby Atkinson, Susan Burton, Sally Morton, Audrey Bool, Betty Hatfield, Ruth Miller, Bernice Jennings, Joan Davies, Nancy Beecher, and Marg Taylor. The last three listed are Normal students who augmented the ranks of the College squad.

### JUST A HINT

He kissed her on the forehead  
In spite of her appeals;  
She met him on the morrow,  
But she wore higher heels.

## GIRLS' HOOPLA GETS UNDER WAY

The newly formed girls' hoopla team, although not in any league, will be playing exhibition games with other city schools. Thus far they have played two games, one against the Normal school team and another with an Esquimalt High aggregation. In both these contests the team suffered setbacks; 48-4 and 49-16, respectively. Audrey Twa is the team captain and manager and the team members are: Marion Rainer, Margot Young, Diana Elkington, Ann Norman, Sybil Frank, Ann Drew, Barbara Foster, and Sally Morton. The last contest to press time saw the hapless collegians bow to a more experienced VHS club, 48-14.

English - Anguish?  
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## IN YOUR EAR by Garner

The time has come the walrus . . . with all due respect to Lewis Carroll—he would turn in his grave if he knew that his name was linked with this literary debauch, we will try to give our faithful? public the latest in dirt, gossip and filth.

These forward frosh: a warning to all males: I was sitting in Relf's one dark Saturday, drinking my witches brew when a sultry young babe placed her well shaped posterior beside me. I noticed that her sweater (cardigan) was slipping from atop her other sweater, so I told her of this deplorable? state. On hearing this well meant advice, she shrivelled me by saying in a sotto voice, "If you are not careful, I will help you to remove yours." Now I ask you what were the conclusions I was supposed to draw? Any help in this matter will be gratefully received. By the way, if you doubt this story ask Ernie, Bob, Wes, or Anne Buckle, or maybe even Sybil might tell you with a bit of prompting.

BOB YOUNG, one of our last year students, held a small party a couple of Saturdays back at Norway House. From all reports, it was a fine deal with all enjoying themselves to the utmost. Janet finally got there after all! So did Dacre and Gary but they seemed to enjoy rarer atmosphere of the higher altitudes of a certain well-known mountain. Speaking of Gary and Dacre the "Dugong," I hear tell that they seemed to enjoy the midnight show at the Odeon on a certain Sunday. Almost like New Year's with the balloons, etc.

And now to the Gypsy Dance . . . Seems Ernie had a rough deal all around. He liked the view from one of the windows of the Crystal. Had trouble with his car. It wouldn't start—try the key Ern! I also hear that Mick had a busy night . . . running from the nurse's home to Mount Tolmie, etc. Gary and Dacre got there late but soon made up for it . . . even to the extent of changing partners with any unsuspecting man around. Sybil was there . . . notice that her escort had his shirt buttoned on very tight (see story at first of column). Woollett and Maulstaid put the freeze on the dance . . . PARTY POOPERS!

Well that's about it for this issue. Hope that you are all "bore" with me to the bitter end.

P.S.—Congrats to all the debts. They all did well in their coming out . . . Let's hope they stay out . . . It will make the College livelier for all around. The women shortage would be nicely solved this way. Also: Congrats to Hoogy and Trudy, two ex-students who got engaged.

P.P.S.—Will some of the other jokers in this here establishment please do something that this writer could jot down in his scandal sheet. I get tired of writing about the same old souls every time. Do anything—shoot your 90-year-old grandmother in cold blood and you will have a good chance of getting in with the rest of the homicidal maniacs that we see in this column every MARTLET.

## MEDITATION 101

Please don't stand on my prayer rug and mind you don't kick old Buddha there in the corner. No, the other corner, that's mother over there. Do pull up an incense burner and sit down. You'll have to pardon my appearance, but in time you'll get used to seeing me in a breech clout or if you like a loin-cloth.

It's a good thing you didn't come in earlier, I was meditating. On what? Oh nothing you would understand, just the sun. Yes, I realize that it's cloudy but it's easier that way, no glare. When it's sunny, I just sit and contemplate my navel. Oh please, don't be shocked. We all have 'em . . . I just contemplate mine.

Look at old Buddha over there in the corner. He's—no the other corner, that's Mother and she's knitting. Yes, that one, well old Buddha is contemplating his—I beg pardon, Oh you think it's disgusting. Mother? Oh, you mean Buddha. Well all good Buddhas contemplate their navels, it's the thing to do. They should wear their loin cloths higher? Then what would they contemplate?

Take me, I'm a yoga as well as a Buddhist. No, not "yoghurt," Yoga. I sit and meditate and breathe deeply. I'm flexible. Want to see me touch the floor with my hands. There! Beg pardon? Oh, well it's harder to do standing up, so I just Ah-well, I'm not feeling too flexible today anyway, I've been contemplating too long.

You should really take up Yoga. You'll never be sick, you'll be able to do all sorts of queer things with your stomach. Look! Isn't that odd. It's good for you too, keeps you regular. I know you're a regular guy but that's different, this stomach stuff is, well it's just like all-bran and prunes. You'd rather eat prunes. Well, if you don't like yoga, you can Buddha like me, I Buddha more than I yoga. If you're shy you could contemplate your belt buckle.

I'll have to show you more yoga, it makes you a lot more receptive. I'll bet that your valves, like in a radio, are all stiff. Boy, if you yoga in that morning, zowie! your valves are in A-1 shape and you're really receptive you know, on the beam.

Anyway here's another exercise, I stand on my head . . . See it's easy, of course I'm against the wall but heck, yoga fella's are more receptive.

Whew, makes your head throb too.

I can do a Lotus position, too, see, I cross my legs like, like, well put one like this and the other like, like. Well, you get the general idea anyway.

What's it done for me? Well, gosh, I'm fit, I'm receptive. I

## THE DISGRUNTLED REPORTER

Alas it is time to rack my brains again, a thing I never do at any time, as I sit and wait for some divine inspiration as to what I can write for this rag to fill in some space so that you have something else for your money apart from a lot of advertisements. (Whew) It doesn't really matter what I do write since by the time the editors have finished with it it is no more my masterpiece than it is yours. However, my intentions in writing this little filler are good.

At this point I think it is worthwhile to tell you what happens to this manuscript after I have the nerve to hand it in. First it is proofread by one of the editors, dissected, and then ceremoniously deposited in the nearest waste basket. After that its life is highly adventurous, enjoying possibly a short life as a blotter or perhaps a slightly longer life as a guided missile. Then near press time when the editors find they are short of material (what they use to fill this paper up with) one of them frantically tears through the trash bin and rescues my slightly soiled works. Then the editors gather up my scattered thoughts after playing a couple of games of noughts and crosses on the back and put them into a reasonably coherent paragraph. This unfortunately ends up in the paper.

However, if you want to remedy this situation why don't YOU write something? Apart from eliminating this trash from the paper you would also save the poor overworked, undernourished (they usually miss lunch editing this tripe) editors a lot of time and energy. Well, I seem to have exhausted the topic, and incidentally my inspiration, so I'll leave the rest to the editors and you.

## PEP AND SKITS FEW SPECTATORS

Once again the courageous cheer leaders, the hard working Kar Klub and rugby team staged a pep meet. It was held in the usual place and the usual small number of spectators turned out to witness it.

Bill Broadley took the reins as emcee and did a thorough job and kept things rolling right along. Mr. Broadley was also supplied with a seemingly endless store of jokes which doubled the crowd up with laughter and some times just doubled them up. Nevertheless, despite what Bill Garner and his shirt think, our Willy did very well.

The main attraction of the meet was the presentation of skits by the Kollege Kar Klub and by the rugby team.

The KKK effort was a success with everything appearing on the stage from profs and students to pregnant ladies and overgrown babies. Although no one got the point, it was suspected that the KKK wanted everyone out at their car parade the next day and that this was just their own muddled way of saying so.

The production starred Gordy Brown as the unfortunate female, Tuffy Cousland as her "suitor," John Lauder as the "Kid" and Brian O'Halloran as the professor.

The rugby team staged their own, unexpurgated version of Shakespeare's Othello, the balcony scene only. Stan (the man) Powell was a buxom though underinflated Desdemona, Allan Thackray was a zooty and sooty Othello, Mike Rose appeared impeccably attired in 17th century long-johns as Iago and Dick MacIntosh was the blind Venetian, complete with draw-strings.

The piece put over the punch line fairly well.

It was, "Come to the Rugby Ball, Saturday Night."

Walt Young, the suspected author, gave a short prologue prior to the presentation.

The cheer leaders were in attendance and they did their darndest to get everyone to cheer, but the audience would have none of it and they just sat on their fannies like mute dor-mice.

do so do more than sit half naked on a mat looking at my belly button. If I'd known you were going to be rude I wouldn't have asked you in. All right go, I'm about due for a contemplation anyway. Watch out for Buddha on the way out and wave to mother, too. What's she doing? Oh, she's sitting on a bed of nails. She's a fakir, that's why she can't wave back. When she moves she gets stuck. Yes, she's a fakir. What, we're both fakirs? No, No, I'm a yoga and a buddha . . . Mom's a . . .

## 'Twas THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

A subdued poem designed for collegeants to recite to their beloved families on Christmas Eve. NOT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION.

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the school  
Not a student was studying; Think we were fools?  
The stockings were hung by the boys so profound,  
In hopes that in same some gals would be found.  
The faculty were snuggled in their wee little beds  
While visions of depleted enrollments danced through their heads.

Jack in the sofa . . . Jan in his lap . . .  
Had just settled down for a long evening's nap,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I stood on my head to see what in hell was the matter.  
Away to the window, I flew like a flash,  
Like little old Al in a fifty yard dash.  
Then what to my four wondering eyes should appear,  
But an old chugging "A" and eight stubby beer;  
With a little old driver so lively and quick  
That I knew right away it must be our Dick.  
More rapid than hearses his pushers they came,  
And he screamed and he beefed and he called them queer names:

Now Dasher Dan . . . He likes a Cook,  
Now Dancer Findler . . . She's worth a look.  
Now Prancer Unwin . . . Always a grin,  
Now that Fox Garner . . . Rocking with Gin.  
On Comet (No, lightning) Colin, On Cupid Carol  
On Donner Di, on Blitzen Harold  
But still in the lurch after ye old Rugby Ball  
They sway away, Stagger away, Swing Away all.  
So up to the house tops the lasses they flew,  
With a gay load of boys, (Mr. McOrmond, too).  
And then in a jiffy, I heard on the roof  
The pitter and patter of each fleeing girl's hoof.  
I lifted my head and was tossing one down,  
When out from the chimney came Jeremy Brown.  
A bag full of toys he had slung on his back  
(And the girls weren't so comfortable in that li'l ol' sack)  
Santa's clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot,  
Resembling THE MARTLET office by the square foot.  
His cheeks were like Rosie's all kissed by the sun (whose son?)  
His nose like a cherry all wrinkled with rum,  
His drole little mouth tied up like a reef.  
The beard and his cheeks, were as flushed as prime beef;  
With the butt of an Export held tight in his teeth,  
And the smog round his head like a snow covered wreath.  
Geoff had a red face and a little round keg,  
Which gurgled when he walked, like a bit o'bootleg.  
A wink of both eyes, and a twitch of his head,  
A hic and a sigh . . . He'd been at Birch's with Ted,  
To speak would be worse, for where was Ann's purse?  
Santa eyed all the stockings and turned with a twist  
The Pole hadn't Wugs that carried like this.  
And laying a sample beside his red lips,  
He gave one of the cuties a sweet little kiss (Eh Ben).  
Then he jumped on his motor bike  
And sped off up t'hil'  
He was carrying Marcus, they both had a spill.  
The moral of our pome (now that Santa has gone)  
On December 20th put your old formals on  
And go to the Xmas Ball at the Empress.

## SLIGHTLY MIXED

Somebody sent the editor of the Pokenown Gazette a few bottles of home brew. The same day he received for publication a wedding announcement and a notice of an auction sale.

Here are the results:  
Wm. Smith and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of at an auction at my farm one mile west of a beautiful cluster of roses on her two white calves. It took place before a background of farm implements too numerous to mention in the presence of about seventy guests, including two milk cows, six mules and one bob sled. Mr. J. Pettie tied the nuptial knot with two hundred feet of hay rope and the bridal couple left on one good John Deere gang plow, for an extended trip to suit purchasers. They will be at home to their friends with one good baby buggy and a few kitchen utensils after ten months from the date of sale to responsible parties and some fifty chickens.  
—Courtesy Connaught Chronicle.

## A Paramecium To Its Mate

I love thee, little protozoan,  
I love thy trichocysts:  
Thy macronucleus alone would  
Put me in the lists.

Each sweet contractile vacuole  
Sends shivers down my gullet;  
My love for you—upon my soul,  
Nothing can ever Dull it.

Your morals must not be too fine,  
For this I truly state:  
Unless we're going to decline  
We'd better conjugate.

—Exchange.

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